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their havings, their presents to their futures. . . . It is the great public of all of us that determines what is the strength of the cord that ties the 'to-be' to the 'is' and makes the right reward follow upon right performance." (pp. 324-5).

G. H. C.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DUTCH BOY FIFTY YEARS AFTER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920. Pp. xxiii, 461.

Edward Bok has had an exceptional career. He has been the friend of poets, of preachers, and of presidents. Although himself not conspicuously great or good, he has appreciated rather sensitively the great and the good of his own generation. He has known men, has multiplied words, but, most of all, has been a doer of deeds.

Consider a list of his interests and achievements: newspaper syndicates; wider publicity for popular preachers; "Literary Leaves"; popularising books; developing the art of advertising literary wares; making a magazine a world-force for 'hominess'; "Side Talks with Girls"; free scholarship premiums; promoting mother-and-baby information publicity; interesting women in public questions; exploiting the brains of great men and women for the benefit of the public; protecting the rights of foreign writers and musicians; pushing Bible-study along; stimulating taste for good architecture, house furnishing, pictures, gardens, and making it possible for poor folk to get them; successfully fighting disfiguring advertisements, patent medicines, tawdriness in decoration of Pullman cars, 'dirty spots' in cities, twaddle in women's clubs, and the cruel spoliation of birds; exploiting the 'model city' idea; endowing fine music and disseminating good popular songs and instrumental pieces; "giving help in the second line of defence" at home during the Great War; doing a brave and tender 'bit' at the war-front; writing a remarkably fascinating and educative autobiography that, among other things, prescribes for American carelessness and conceit and preaches the salutary doctrine of 'quit in time'.

But all this is by the way in comparison with Edward Bok's chief achievement—being himself a man of morale, and incit-

ing others to the same sort of manliness. Edward Bok the 'sissy' editor?

Taking 'morale' to be an active spiritual-moral attitude, usable in peace as well as in war, we should say that it includes the qualifications of the Citizen, the Sportsman, the Gentleman, and the Practical Idealist. And we should regard Bok as a prime specimen of this larger, more permanent morale, and the story of his life as a *vade mecum* of the art of making good, and at the same time staying greatly decent.

First, his gentlemanliness, shown in his steady workmanship, his honesty, his ready representativeness. It is the real worker who gives the public what it *needs*, after finding out what it thinks it *wants*, and who is a bright light of professional *esprit de corps* and a valiant defender of professional ethics.

Next, his sportsmanship: efficiency, loyalty, fair-play. Here is his greatest strength, and largely the secret of his popularity with sportsmanlike people, whether men or women. Especially strong is he in *efficiency* as a spiritual quality rather than a mere machine business-virtue. His ability as an advertiser shows the full ingredients of economy, thoroughness and publicity that combine to make up working efficiency. Note especially his chapter: "Where America Fell Short With Me". Whether in abjuring lecturing because people came to see him out of curiosity, or in his defence of the Y. M. C. A., or in his frank avowal that he had had continual good fortune and sometimes made serious mistakes,—in these things and many more we see a man loyal to the truth of things and the truth of himself and his fellow-men and their God. Sir Arthur Sullivan, Rudyard Kipling, and other foreigners, as well as leading Americans, found that Bok would always respect confidence and be fair to enemies as well as to friends.

As for his Idealism, or, rather, Ideality, we may cite his faith in womankind, in spite of its seamy side; his hope for the League of Nations, in spite of the much badgering of one hundred per cent. Americans; his care for the "love in all things", as evinced by his habit of carrying Emerson's *Essays* in his pocket. These are signs of the idealist who is concerned for the things of the spirit and yet is a practical man.

Mr. Bok is not yet laid on the shelf to dry. There are problems still to spare for his creative study. Let him take notice that his adopted country still needs his services, for he knows how to be 'boy eternal', and we cannot let him plead a time-limit.

T. P. BAILEY.

LONDON DAYS. By Arthur Warren. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1920. Pp. 287.

In the first four of the seventeen chapters which compose this book, Mr. Warren, a Bostonian, traces the steps which led to his connection with the *Boston Herald* as its London correspondent, a position he held for nine years. During those years he came to know England well and made the acquaintance—in some instances, indeed, gained the friendship—of such men and women as Browning, Patti, John Stuart Blackie, Lord Kelvin, Tennyson, Gladstone, Whistler, Henry Drummond, Sir Henry Irving, H. M. Stanley, George Meredith, John Burns, and Charles Stewart Parnell. He writes of each of these in a lively, entertaining fashion, sometimes—as in the case of the political figures—with a sort of sympathetic hostility and adroit critical implication. His style, if journalistic, is chattily effective for its purposes. The more human portraits are those of Blackie, Patti, Whistler, Meredith and Burns, with the last two of whom he once spent a memorable day and much of the succeeding night at Flint Cottage, Box Hill, Meredith's home in Surrey. Concerning Meredith he writes thus engagingly:—

"They say he was 'gey ill to live wi'.' Perhaps he was; perhaps he was not. But why should n't he have been? Most writers are. And why should n't they be? They are of a sensitive sort, in greater degree, or less. Their business is mainly to observe, to consider, to speak with ink. These things require concentration of mind. And while the world is running in and out, and kindly intentioned persons are making suggestions which have no relation to the business in hand, or wondering why their wish cannot have precedence, or why their opinion is not the most important thing in the universe, the poet's work, or train of thought, has to get on, or the novelist's, or the reader of manuscripts'. It